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THE
POETICAL WORKS :
OF CAPTAIN
ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

K

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

HOR.

GLASGOW:

Printed by ROBERT URIE, MDCCLIV.



- x i

THE
C H E R R Y
AND THE
S L A E.

BY CAPTAIN
ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

CAREFULLY CORRECTED.

A 2



THE CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

I.
ABOUT a bank with balmy bews,

Where nightingales their notes renews

With gallant goldspinks gay;

The mavis, merle, and Progne proud,

The lintwhite, lark, and laverock loud,

Saluted mirthful May.

When Philomel had sweetly sung,

To Progne she deplor'd,

How Tereus cut out her tongue,

And falsly her deflor'd.

Which story, so sory,

To shew asham'd she seem'd;

To hear her, so near her,

I doubted if I dream'd.

6 THE CHERRY AND

II.

THE cushat crouds, the corbie cryes,

The cuckow couks, the prating pyes

To geck her they begin:

The jargoun, or the jangling jayes,

The cracking craws, the keckling kayes,

They deav'd me with their din.

The painted pown, with Argos' eyes

Can on his mayock call,

The turtle wails on wither'd trees;

And Echo answer'd all,

Repeating, with greeting,

How fair Narcissus fell,

By lying, and spying

His shadow in the well.

THE SLAE.

7

III.

I SAW the hurcheon and the hare,
In hidlings, hirpling here and there,
To make their morning mang:
The con, the coney, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff mustachoes strang.
The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,
The fulmart, and false fox;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsie bears, and brocks:
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtile snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
They plaid them all in pairs.

8 THE CHERRY AND

IV.

THE air was sober, soft and sweet,
No misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
But quiet, calm and clear;
To foster Flora's fragrant flow'rs;
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trickled many a tear;
The which like silver-shakers shin'd,
Embroid'ring beauty's bed;
Wherewith their heavy heads declin'd
All in May's colours cled;
Some knopping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet:
Excelling in smelling,
Through Phoebus' wholesome heat.

V. ME-

V.

METHOUGHT an heav'nly heartsome thing,

Where dew like diamonds did hing,

O'er-twinkling all the trees,

To study on the flourish'd twists,

Admiring nature's alchymists,

Laborious busy bees.

Whereof some sweetest honey sought,

To stay their lives frae sterve;

And some the waxie vessels wrought,

Their purchase to preserve:

So heaping, for keeping,

It in their hives they hide:

Precisely, and wisely,

For winter they provide.

B

10 THE CHERRY AND

VI.

To pen the pleasures of that park,
How ev'ry blossom, branch and bark,
 Against the sun did shine,
I pass to poets to compile
In high, heroic, stately stile,
 Whose muse surmatches mine.
But as I looked me alone,
 I saw a river rin,
Out o'er a steepy rock of stone,
 Syne lighted in a lin;
 With tumbling, and rumbling,
 Among the roches round,
 Devalling, and falling
 Into a pit profound.

VII.

THROUGH routing of the river rang,
The roches sounding like a fang,
Where descants did abound;
With treble, tenor, counter, meen,
An echo blew a bass between,
In diapason sound;
Set with the c-sol-fa-ut clief,
With lang and large at list,
With quiver, crotchet, semibrief,
And not a minim mist:
Completely, more sweetly,
She firdon'd flat and sharp,
Than muses, which uses
To tune Apollo's harp.

12 THE CHERRY AND

VIII.

Who would have tyr'd to hear that tune

Which birds corrob'rate ay abune,

With lays of lovesome larks?

Which climb so high in chrystal skies,

While Cupid wak'ned with the cries

Of nature's chappel-clarks.

Who leaving all the heavens above,

Alighted on the eard:

Lo, how that little Lord of love,

Before me there appear'd,

So mild-like, and child-like,

With bow three quarters likant,

Syne moyly, and cooly,

He looked like a faint.

IX.

A CLEARLY crisp hang o'er his eyes,

His quiver by his naked thighs,

Hang in a silver lace :

Of gold, between his shoulders grew,

Two pretty wings wherewith he flew,

On his left arm a brace.

This god soon off his geer he shook

Upon the grassie ground;

I ran as lightly for to look

Where ferlies might be found.

Amazed, I gazed,

To see his geer so gay,

Perceiving mine having,

He counted me his prey.

14 THE CHERRY AND

X.

HIS youth and stature made me stout,
Of doubleness I had no doubt,

But boured with my boy:

Quoth I, how call they thee, my child?

CUPIDO, Sir, (quoth he) and smil'd,

Please you me to employ:

For I can serve you in your suit,

If you please to impyre,

With wings to flee, and shafts to shoot,

Or flames to set on fire.

Make choise then of those then,

Or of a thousand things,

But crave them, and have them;

With that I woo'd his wings.

XI.

WHAT would ye give, my friend, quoth he,

To have these wanton wings to flee,

To sport thy sp'rit a while?

Or, what if LOVE should lend thee, here,

Bow, quiver, shafts, and shooting geer,

Some body to beguile?

This geer, (quoth I) cannot be bought,

Yet would I have it fain.

What if (quoth he) it cost thee nought,

But rend'ring all again?

His wings then he brings then,

And band them on my back:

Go flee now, quoth he now,

And so my leave I take.

16 THE CHERRY AND

XII.

I SPRANG up with CUPIDO's wings,
Who bow, and shooting geer resigns,
To lend me for a day.

As Icarus with borrowed flight,
I mounted higher than I might,
O'er perillous a play:

First forth I drew the double dart,
Which sometime shot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
In hope to hurt another;

It hurt me, or burnt me,
While either end I handle:

Come see now, in me now,
The butterflee and candle.

XIII. As

XIII.

As she delights into the low,

So was I browdin of my bow,

As ignorant as she;

And as she flees while she is fir'd,

So with the dart that I desir'd

Mine hands have hurt me too:

As foolish Phaeton, by suit,

His father's car obtain'd,

So long'd I in LOVE's bow to shoot,

Not marking what it mean'd.

More wilful than skilful,

To flee I was so fond,

Desiring, aspiring,

And so was seen upon't.

18 THE CHERRY AND

XIV.

Too late I knew, who hews too hie,

The spail shall fall into his eye;

Too late I went to schools :

Too late I heard the swallow preach,

Too late experience doth teach

The school-master of fools :

Too late I find the nest I seek,

When all the birds are flown;

Too late the stable door I steek,

When all the steeds are stown;

Too late ay, their state ay,

As foolish folk espy,

Behind so, they find so

Remeed, and so do I.

XV.

If I had ripely been advis'd,
I had not rashly enterpris'd

To soar with borrow'd pens:
Nor yet had sey'd the archer-craft,
To shoot myself with such a shaft,
As Reason quite milkens.

Frae wilfulness gave me my wound,
I had no force to flee;

Then came I groaning to the ground;
Friend, welcome hame, quoth he:

Where flew ye, whom flew ye,
Or who brings hame the booting?

I see now, quoth he now,
You have been at the shooting.

20 THE CHERRY AND

XVI.

As scorn comes commonly with skaith,

So I behov'd to bide them baith;

So staggering was my state,

That under cure I got such check,

Which I might neither move nor neck,

But either stail or mate.

Mine agony was so extream,

I swate and sown'd for fear,

But ere I wakened of my dream,

He spoil'd me of my geer.

With flight then, on hight then,

Sprang CUPID in the skies,

Forgetting, and setting

At nought my careful cries.

XVII.

So long with fight I followed him,
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,
Through staring on the starns :
Which flew so thick before mine een,
Some red, some yellow, blew and green,
Which troubled all my harns;
That every thing appeared two
To my barbulzied brain.
But long might I ly looking so,
Ere CUPID came again;
Whose thund'ring, with wond'ring,
I heard up through the air :
Through clouds so, he thuds so,
And flew I wist not where.

22 THE CHERRY AND

XVIII.

THEN when I saw that god was gane,
And I in langour left alane,
And fore tormented too,
Sometime I sigh'd, while I was sad,
Sometime I mus'd, and maist gane mad,
I wist not what to do;
Sometimes I rav'd, half in a rage,
As one into despair:
To be oppress'd with such a page,
Lord, if my heart was fair!
Like DIDO, CUPIDO,
I widdle and I warie,
Who rest me, and left me
In such a feiry-farie.

XIX.

THEN felt I COURAGE and DESIRE

Inflame mine heart with uncouth fire,

To me before unknown:

But then no blood in me remains,

Unburnt or boil'd within my veins,

By LOVE his bellows blown;

To drown it ere I was devour'd,

With sighs I went about:

But ay the mair I schupe to smoor't,

The bolder it brake out;

Ay pressing but ceasing,

While it might break the bounds,

Mine hew so forth shew so

The dolour of my wounds.

24 THE CHERRY AND

XX.

WITH deadly visage, pale and wan,

(More like an atomy than man,)

I wither'd clean away;

As wax before the fire, I felt

Mine heart within my bosom melt,

And piece and piece decay:

My veins with brangling like to break,

My pulses lap with pith:

So fervency did me infect,

That I was vext therewith:

Mine heart ay, did start ay,

The fiery flames to fly;

Ay hoping, through louping,

To leap at liberty.

XXI. But

XXI.

BUT (o alas!) it was abus'd,
 My careful corps kept it inclos'd
 In prison of my breast:
 With sighs so sopped and o'er-set,
 Like to a fish fast in a net,
 In dead-thraw undeceast;
 Which though (in vain) she strives by strength
 For to pull out her head;
 Which profits nothing at the length,
 But hast'ning to her dead:
 With thrifting, and wristing,
 The faster still is she;
 There I so, did ly so,
 My death advancing to.

D

26 THE CHERRY AND

XXII.

THE more I wrestled with the wind,

The faster still my self I find,

No mirth my mind could mease;

More noy than I, had never none,

I was so alter'd and o'ergone,

Through drought of my disease:

Yet weakly, as I might, I raise,

My sight grew dim and dark,

I stagg' red at the windlestraes;

No token I was stark.

Both fightless, and mightless,

I grew almost at once:

In anguish, I languish,

With many grievous groans.

XXIII.

With sober pace yet I approach

Hard to the river and the rock,

Whereof I spake before.

The river such a murmur made,

As to the sea it softly flade,

The craig high, stay and shore.

Then Pleasure did me so provoke,

There partly to repair ;

Betwixt the river and the rock,

Where Hope grew with Despair :

A tree then, I see then,

Of CHERRIES on the braes ;

Below too, I saw too,

A bush of bitter SLAES.

28 THE CHERRY AND

XXIV.

THE cherries hang abune mine head,
Like trickling rubies round and red,
So high up in the heugh:
Whose shadows in the river shew,
As graithly glancing as they grew,
On trembling twists and teugh;
Which bow'd through burden of their birth,
Declining down their tops:
Reflex of Phœbus off the Firth
New colour'd all their knops,
With dancing and glancing,
In tiples dornic champ,
Which stream'd, and leamed,
Through lightness of that lamp,

XXV.

WITH earnest eye while I espy
The fruit between me and the sky,
Half gate almost to heaven;
The craig so cumbersome to climb,
The tree so tall of growth and trim,
As any arrow even;
I call'd to mind how DAPHNE did
Within the laurel shrink,
When from APOLLO she her hid
A thousand times I think:
That tree there, to me there,
As he his laurel thought,
Aspiring, but tiring,
To get the fruit I sought.

30 THE CHERRY AND

XXVI.

To climb that craig it was no buit,

Let be to pres to pull the fruit,

In top of all the tree;

I saw no way whereby to come,

By any craft to get it clum,

Appearantly to me:

The craig was ugly, stay and dreigh,

The tree long, sound and small,

I was afraid to climb so high

For fear to fetch a fall;

Affrayed to sey it,

I looked up aloft,

Whiles minting, whiles stinting,

My purpose changed oft.

XXVII.

THEN DREAD, with DANGER, and DESPAIR,
Forbad me minting any mair

To rax above my reach.

What? tush, (quoth COURAGE) man, go to,
He is but daft that hath to do,

And spares for every speech.

For I have oft heard sooth men say,

And we may see't our fells,

That fortune helps the hardy ay

But pultrons ay repells.

Then spare not, and fear not

DREAD, DANGER, nor DESPAIR,

To fazards, hard hazards

Is death, ere they come there.

32 THE CHERRY AND

XXVIII.

Who speeds, but such as high aspires ;

Who triumphs not, but such as tires

To win a noble name ?

Of shrinking what but shame succeeds ;

Then do as thou would have thy deeds

In register of fame.

I put the case thou not prevail'd,

So thou with honour die,

Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,

Shall poets pen of thee.

Thy name then, from fame then

Shall never be cut off:

Thy grave ay, shall have ay,

That honest epitaff.

XXIX. WHAT

XXIX.

WHAT canst thou lose when honour lives?

Renown thy virtue ay revives,

If valiantly thou end.

Quoth DANGER, huly, friend, take heed,

Untimous spurring spills the steed,

Take tent what ye pretend.

Though COURAGE counsel thee to climb,

Beware thou kep no skaith,

Have thou none help but HOPE, and him,

They may beguile thee baith:

Thysell now, can tell now,

The counsel of these clarks;

Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,

Thy breast doth bear the marks.

E

34 THE CHERRY AND

XXX.

BRUNT bairns with fire the danger dreads,

So I believe thy bosom bleeds,

Since last that fire thou felt:

Besides that, seindle time thou sees

That ever COURAGE keeps the keys

Of knowlege at his belt.

Though he bid forward with the guns,

Small powder he provides:

Be not a novice of the nuns

Who saw not both the fides.

Fool-haste ay, almaist ay,

O'ersyles the sight of some:

Who huiks not, who huiks not

What afterwards may come.

XXXI.

YET wisdom wiseth thee to weigh

This figure in philosophy,

A lesson worth the lear;

Which is, in time for to take tent,

And not, when time is past, repent,

And buy repentance dear;

Is there no honour after life

Except thou slay thyself?

Wherefore hath ATROPOS that knife?

I trow thou canst not tell:

Who but it, would cut it,

Which CLOTHO scarce hath spun,

Destroying thy joying,

Before it be begun.

36 THE CHERRY AND

XXXII.

ALL o'ers are repute to be vice,

O'er high, o'er low, o'er rash, o'er nice,

O'er hot, or yet o'er cold :

Thou seems unconstant by thy signs,

Thy thought is on a thousand things,

Thou wats not what thou would.

Let FAME her pity on thee pour.

When all thy bones are broken :

Yon SLAE, suppose thou think it four,

Would satisfie to flocken

Thy drought now, of youth now,

Which dries thee with desire :

Asswage then thy rage then,

Foul water quencheth fire,

XXXIII.

WHAT fool art thou to die of thirst,
And now may quench it, if thou list,
So easily but pain?
More honour is to vanquish ane,
Then fight with tensom, and be tane,
And either hurt or flain.
The practick is, to bring to pass,
And not to enterprife:
And as good drinking out of glasse,
As gold in any wise.
I'd lever, have ever
A fowl in hand, or tway,
Than seeing ten fleeing
Above me all the day.

38 THE CHERRY AND

XXXIV.

Look where thou light before thou loup
And slip no certainty for hope,

Who guides thee but beguets.

Quoth COURAGE, cowards take no cure
To sit with shame, so they be sure:

I like them all the less.

What pleasure purchast is but pain,

Or honour won with ease?

He will not ly where he is slain,

Who doubts before he dies:

For fear then, I hear then

But only one remeed,

Which late is, and that is,

For to cut off the head.

XXXV.

WHAT is the way to heal thy hurt?

What way is there to stay thy sturt?

What means to make thee merry?

What is the comfort thou dost crave?

Suppose these sophists thee deceive,

Thou knows it is the CHERRY

Since for it only thou but thirsts,

The SLAVE can be no built:

In it also thy health consists,

And in none other fruit.

Why quakes thou and shakes thou,

Or studies at our strife?

Advise thee, it lies thee

On no less than thy life.

40 THE CHERRY AND

XXXVI.

If any patient would be panc'd,
Why should he leap when he is lanc'd,
Or shrink when he is shorn?
For I have heard chirurgeons say,
Oft-times deferring off a day
Might not be mend the morn.
Take time in time ere time be tint,
For time will not remain:
What forceth fire out of the flint,
But as hard match again;
Delay not, nor fray not,
And thou shalt see it sae;
Such gets ay, who sets ay
Stout stomachs to the brae.

XXXVII. THOUGH

XXXVII.

THOUGH all beginnings be most hard,

The end is pleasant afterward,

Then shrink not for a shower:

When once that thou thy greening get,

Thy pain and travel is forget,

The sweet exceeds the sower:

Go to then quickly, fear not thir,

For HOPE good hap hath height.

Quoth, DANGER, be not sudden, Sir,

The matter is of weight:

First spy both, then try both,

Advifement doth none ill:

I say then, thou may then,

Be wilful when thou will.

F

42 THE CHERRY AND

XXXVIII.

BUT yet to mind the proverb call,

Who uses perils perish shall,

Short while their life them lasts.

And I have heard (quoth HOPE) that he

Should never shape to sail the sea,

That for all perils casts.

How many through despair are dead,

That never perils prieve'd?

How many also, if thou read,

Of lives have we reliev'd?

Who being even dying,

But danger, or despair,

A hunder, I wonder,

But thou hast heard declair.

XXXIX.

If we two hold not up thine heart,
 Which is the chief and noblest part,
 Thy work will not go well;
 Considering these companions can
 Dissuade a silly simple man
 To hazard for his heil,
 Suppose they have deceived some,
 Ere we and they might meet,
 They get no credence where we come,
 In any man of sp'rit,
 By reason, their treason
 By us is plainly spy'd:
 Revealing their dealing,
 Which dow not be deny'd.

44 THE CHERRY AND

XLXX

WITH sleekie sophisms seeming sweet,

As all their doings were discreet,

They wish thee to be wise,

Postponing time from hour to hour.

But, faith! in underneath the flour,

The lurking serpent lies;

Suppose thou seest her not a time,

Till that she sting thy foot,

Perceives thou not what precious time

Thy sleuth doth over-shoot?

Alas! man, thy case man,

In lingring, I lament:

Go to now, and do now,

That COURAGE be content,

XLI.

WHAT if Melancholy come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin;
Then is thy labour lost;
For he will hold thee hard and fast,
Till time, and place, and fruit be past,
And thou give up the ghost.
Then shall be graven on the stane
Which on thy tomb is laid,
Sometime there lived sic a ane,
But how shall it be said?
Here lyes now, but pryse now,
Into dishonour's bed,
A coward, as thou art,
Who from his fortune fled.

46 THE CHERRY AND

XLII.

IMAGINE, man, if thou were laid
In grave, and syne might hear this said,

Would thou not sweat for shame?

Yes, faith, I doubt not but thou would:

Therefore, if thou have eyes, behold

How they would smore thy fame:

Go to, and make no more excuse,

Now life or honour lose,

And either them or us refuse,

There is no other chose.

Consider, together

That we do never dwell,

At length ay, by strength ay,

Sic pultrons we expel.

XLIII.

QUOTH DANGER, since I understand,
That counfel can be no command,
I have no more to say;
Except, if that thou think it good,
Take counfel yet, ere ye conclude,
Of wiser men than they;
They are but rackless, young and rash,
Suppose they think us fleit,
If of our fellowship ye fash,
Go with them hardly beit.
God speed you, they lead you
Who have not meikle wit,
Expel us, ye'll tell us,
Hereafter comes not yet.

48 THE CHERRY AND

XLIV.

WHILE DANGER and DESPAIR retir'd,
EXPERIENCE came in and speir'd

What all the matter mean'd.

With him came REASON, WIT, and SKILL,

Then they began to ask at WILL,

Where make you to, my friend?

To pluck yon lustie CHERRY, lo,

Quoth he, and quite the SLAE.

Quoth they, is there no more ado,

Ere ye win up the brae?

But to it, and do it,

Perforce the fruit to pluck,

Well, brother, some other

Were better to conduct.

XLV. We

XLV.

WE grant, ye may be good enough,

But yet the hazard of yon heugh

Requires a graver guide;

As wise as ye are may go wrang,

Therefore take counsel, ere ye gang,

Of some that stand beside.

But who were yon three ye forbade

Your company right now?

Quoth WILL, three preachers to persuade

The poison'd SLAVE to pow;

They tratled, and pratled

A long half hour and mair;

Foul fall them, they call them,

DREAD, DANGER, and DESPAIR.

50 THE CHERRY AND

XLVI.

THEY are more fashious than of feck,
Yon fazards durst not, for their neck,
Climb up the craig with us.

Frae we determined to die,
Or elf to climb yon CHERRY tree,
They baid about the bush.

They are condition'd like the cat,
They would not weet their feet;
But yet, if any fish we gat,

They would be apt to eat.

Though they now, I say now,
To hazard have no heart;
Yet luck we, or pluck we,
The fruit they would have part.

XLVII.

BUT when we get our voyage won,
They shall not then a CHERRY cun,
Who would not enterprife.

Well, quoth EXPERIENCE, ye boast,
But he that counts without his host,
Oft-times he counteth twife;

Ye sell the bear's skin on his back,
But bide while ye it get:

When ye have done, it's time to crack,
Ye fish before the net;

With haste, Sir, ye taste, Sir,

The CHERRY ere ye pow it;

Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,

More talkative than trow it.

52 THE CHERRY AND

XLVIII.

CALL DANGER back again, quoth SKILL,

And see what he can say to WILL,

We see him shod so strait,

We may not trow what each one tells.

Quoth COURAGE, we concluded ells,

He serves not for our mate;

For I can tell you all perqueer:

His counfel ere he come:

Quoth HOPE whereto should he come here

He cannot hold him dum;

He speaks ay, and seeks ay

Delay oft-times and drifts,

To grieve us, and dieve us

With sophistry and shifts.

XLIX.

QUOTH REASON, why was he debar'd?

The tale is ill cannot be hard;

Yet let us hear him anes,

Then DANGER to declare began,

How HOPE and COURAGE took the man,

To lead him all their lanes;

How they would have him up the hill,

But either stop or stay;

And who was welcomer than WILL,

He would be foremost ay;

He could do, and should do,

Who ever would or dought;

Such speeding, proceeding

Unlikely was I thought.

54 THE CHERRY AND

L.

THEREFORE I wish'd him to beware,
And rashly not run over far;

Without such guides as ye.

Quoth COURAGE, friend, I hear you fail,

Take better tent unto your tale,

Ye said it could not be;

Besides that, ye would not consent

That ever we should climb.

Quoth WILL, for my part I repent

We saw them more than him:

For they are the stayer,

Of us as well as he:

I think now, they shrink now,

Go forward, let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we nothing do but gucks,
They say, the voyage never lucks,
Where each one hath a vote.
Quoth WISDOM gravely, Sir, I grant
We were no worse your vote to want,
Some sentence now I note;
Suppose you speak it but be guess,
Some fruit therein I find,
Ye would be foremost, I confess,
But comes oft-times behind.
It may be, that they be
Deceiv'd that never doubted,
Indeed, Sir, that head, Sir,
Hath meikle wit about it.

36 THE CHERRY AND

LII.

THEN wilful WILL began to rage,

And swore, he saw nothing in age,

But anger, ire, and grudge:

And for myself, quoth he, I swear

To quat all my companions here,

If they admit you judge.

EXPERIENCE is grown so old,

That he begins to rave;

The rest, but COURAGE, are so cold,

No hazarding they have.

For DANGER, far stranger

Hath made them than they were,

Go frae them, we pray them,

Who neither do nor dare.

LIII. WH

WHY

I led a

But

I grant

But I w

Or f

But eith

EXPE

He says,

The f

He

Th

His

He

LIII.

WHY may not we three lead this ane?

I led an hundred mine alane,

But counfel of them all.

I grant, quoth WISDOM, ye have led,

But I would speir how many sped,

Or furthered but a fall?

But either few or none I trow,

EXPERIENCE can tell.

He fays, that man may wyte but you,

The first time that he fell.

He kens then, whose pens then,

Thou borrowed him to flee :

His wounds yet, which stounds yet,

He got them then through thee.

H

58 THE CHERRY AND

LIV.

THAT, quoth EXPERIENCE, is true,
WILL flatter'd him when first he flew;
WILL set him in a low,
WILL was his counsel and convoy,
To borrow from the blinded boy,
Both quiver, wings, and bow:
Wherewith before he sey'd to shoot,
He never yiel'd to youth;
Nor yet had need of any fruit
To quench his deadly drouth,
Which pines him, and dwines him
To death, I wat not how;
If WILL then, did ill then,
Himself remembers now.

LV.

FOR I EXPERIENCE was there,
(Likeas I use to be all where,)

What time he wyted WILL,
To be the ground of all his grief,
As I myself can be a prief,

And witness thereuntil.

There are no bounds but I have been,

Nor † heich things from me hid,
Nor secreet thing but I have seen,
That he or any did.

Therefore now, no more now,
Let him think to conceal't;
For why now, even I now,
Am debt-bound to reveal't.

60 THE CHERRY AND

LVI.

My custom is for to declare
The truth, and neither eik nor pare,
For any man, a jot.
If wilful WILL delights in lies,
Example in thy self thou sees,
How he can turn his coat,
And with his language would allure
Thee yet to break thy bones:
Thou knows thyself, if he be sure,
Thou us'd his counfel once :
Who would yet be bold yet,
To wreak thee, were not we ;
Think on now on yon now,
Quoth WISDOM then to me,

WELL
Submit
I wo
Our go
Providin
To p
And bar
That
So he w
Let th
Suc
All
Tha
Quo

LVII.

WELL, quoth EXPERIENCE, if he
 Submits himself to you and me,
 I wot what I should say:
 Our good advice he shall not want,
 Providing always that he grant
 To put yon WILL away;
 And banish both him and DESPAIR,
 That all good purpose spills;
 So he will mæll with them nae mair,
 Let them two flyte their fills;
 Such † coisting but lossing,
 All honest men may use:
 That change now were strange now,
 Quoth REASON, to refuse.

† Expences.

62 THE CHERRY AND

LVIII.

QUOTH WILL, fy on him when he flew,
That pow'd not CHERRYS then anew,
For to have stay'd his sturt.

Quoth REASON, though he bear the blame,
He never saw nor needed them,
Till he himself had hurt:

First, when he mist'er'd not, he might,
He needs, and may not now:

Thy folly, when he had his flight,

† Empeched him to pow.

Both he now, and we now,

Perceive thy purpose plain,

To turn him, and burn him,

And blow on him again.

LIX.

Quoth SKILL, why should we longer strive?

Far better late than never thrive,

Come let us help him yet:

Tint time we may not get again,

We waste but present time in vain.

Beware of that, quoth WIT.

Speak one, EXPERIENCE, let's see,

We think you hold you dumb.

Of bygones I have heard, quoth he,

I know not things to come.

Quoth REASON, the season

With slowthing slides away:

First take him, and make him

A man, if that you may.

64 THE CHERRY AND

LX.

QUOTH WILL, if he be not a man,

I pray you, Sirs, what is he than?

He looks like one at least.

Quoth REASON, if he follow thee,

And mind not to remain with me,

Nought but a brutal beast.

A man in shape doth not consist,

For all your taunting tales;

Therefore, Sir WILL, I would ye wist

Your metaphysic fails.

Go lear yet, a year yet,

Your logic at the schools:

Some day then, you may then.

Pass master with the mools.

LXI. QUOTH

LXI.

QUOTH WILL; I marvel what you mean;

Should not I throw mine own two een,

For all your logic schools?

If I did not, I were not wise.

Quoth REASON, I have told you thrise,

None ferlies more than fools.

There be more senses than the sight,

Which ye o'er-hale for haste,

To wit, if ye remember right,

Smell, hearing, touch, and taste.

All quick things have sic things,

I mean both man and beast;

By kind ay, we find ay,

Few lacks them at the least.

66 THE CHERRY AND

LXII.

So by that consequence of thine,
Or syllogism said like a swine,
A cow may learn thee lair:
Thou uses only but the eyes,
She touches, tastes, smells, hears, and sees,
Which matches thee and mair.
But since to triumph ye intend,
As presently appears,
Sir, for your clergy to be kend,
Take you two afs's ears.
No myter, perfyter,
Got MIDAS for his meed:
That hood, Sir, is good, Sir,
To hap your brain-sick head.

LXIII.

YE have † no feil for to define,
Though ye have cunning to decline
A man to be a mule,
With little work yet ye may vow'd
To grow a gallant horſe and good,
To ride thereon at yule.
But to our ground where we began,
For all our guſtleſs jeſts;
I muſt be maſter to the man,
But thou to brutal beaſts.
So we two muſt be two,
To cauſe both kinds be known;
Keep thine then from mine then,
And each one uſe their own.

I 2

† Feil, ſeaſe

68 THE CHERRY AND

LXIV.

THEN WILL, as angry as an ape,
Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
Saw he none other shift;
He would not want an inch of's will,
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill,
For thirty of his thrift.
He would be foremost in the field,
And master if he might;
Yea, he would rather die than yield,
Though REASON had the right.
Shall he now make me now,
His subject or his slave?
No rather, my father
Shall quick go to his grave.

LXV.

I HEGHT him while mine heart is heal,

To perish first ere he prevail,

Come after what so may.

Quoth REASON, doubt you not indeed,

Ye hit the nail upon the head,

It shall be as you say.

Suppose ye spur for to aspire,

Your bridle wants a bit ;

That mare may leave you in the mire,

As sicker as ye sit.

Your sentence, repentance,

Shall leave you, I believe,

And anger you langer,

When you that practic prieve.

70 THE CHERRY AND

LXVI.

As ye have dyted your decreet,

Your prophecy to be complete,

Perhaps and to your pains;

It hath been said, and may be so,

A wilful man wants never wo,

Though he get little gains.

But since ye think't an easy thing

To mount above the moon,

Of your own fiddle take a spring,

And dance when ye have done.

If then, Sir, the man, Sir,

Likes of your mirth, he may;

But speir first, and hear first,

What he himself will say.

THEN

And said

Wha

Abas'd

And mu

I turn

Beholdin

Whof

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WILL

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LXVII.

THEN altogether they began
And said, come on thou martyr'd man,
What is thy will, advise.
Abas'd a bony while I bade,
And mus'd ere I my answer made:
I turn'd me once or twice,
Beholding every one about,
Whose motions mov'd me maist.
Some seem'd assur'd, some dred for doubt;
WILL ran red-wood for haste,
With wringing and thringing,
His hands on other dang;
DESPAIR too, for care too,
Would needs himself go hang.

72 THE CHERRY AND

LXVIII.

WHICH when EXPERIENCE perceiv'd,
 Quoth he, remember if I rav'd,
 As WILL alleg'd of late,
 When as he sware, nothing he saw
 In age, but anger, slack and slaw,
 And canker'd of conceit;
 Ye could not luck, as he alleg'd,
 Who all opinions speir'd:
 He was so frak and firy edg'd,
 He thought us four but fear'd,
 Who pances, what chances
 Quoth he, no worship wins:
 To some best, shall come best,
 Who hap well, rack well rins.

LXIX. YET

LXIX.

YET, quoth EXPERIENCE, behold,
For all the tales that he has told,
How he himself behaves;
Because DESPAIR could come no speed,
Lo where he hangs all but the head,
And in a widdie waves;
If you be sure, once thou may see,
To men that with them mells,
If they had hurt or helped thee,
Consider by themselves.
Then chuse thee, to use thee,
By us or such as yon,
Syne soon now, have done now,
Make either off or on.

74 THE CHERRY AND

LXX.

PERCEIVS'T thou not where frae proceeds

The frantic fantasie that feeds

Thy furious flaming fire?

Which doth thy bailful breast combure,

That none but we, quoth they, can cure,

Nor help thine heart's desire;

The piercing passion of thy sp'rit,

Which wastes the vital breath,

Doth hold thine heavy heart with heat,

Desire draws on thy death.

Thy punces pronounces

No kind of quiet rest,

That fever hath ever

Thy person so oppress.

LXXI.

COULD thou come once acquaint with SKILL,

He knows what humors do thee ill,

And how thy care contracts;

He knows the ground of all thy grief,

And recipies for thy relief

All medicines he makes.

Come on, quoth SKILL, content am I

To put my helping hand,

Providing alwayes he apply,

To counfel and command.

While we then, quoth he then,

Are minded to remain,

Give place now, in case now

Thou get us not again.

76 THE CHERRY AND

LXXII.

ASSURE thyself, if that we shed,
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,
Take heed, we have thee told;
Have done and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may,
He shall not when he would.
What wilt thou do? I would we wist,
Accept, or give us o'er.
Quoth I, I think me more than blest
To find such famous four
Beside me, to guide me,
Now when I have to do,
Considering, what swiddering
Ye found me first into.

WHEN
And d
With
Whiles
Whiles
While
Such pit
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Thou
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I m

LXXIII.

W H E N C O U R A G E crav'd a stomach stout

And D A N G E R drave me into doubt,

With his companion D R E A D

Whiles W I L L would up above the air,

Whiles I am drown'd in deep despair,

Whiles H O P E held up mine head:

Such pithy reasons and replies,

On every side they shew,

That I who was not very wise,

Thought all their tales were true:

So mony, and bony

Old problems they propon't:

Both quickly, and likely,

I marvel mickle on't,

78 THE CHERRY AND

LXXIV.

YET HOPE and COURAGE wan the field,
Though DREAD and DANGER ne'er would yield,
But fled to find refuge:

Yet when you four came, they were fain,
Because you gart us come again,

They grein'd to get you judge:
Where they were fugitives before,

Ye made them frank, and free
To speak, and stand in awe no more.

Quoth REASON, so should be;

Oft-times now, but crimes now,

But even perforce it falls:

The strong ay, with wrong ay,

Puts weaker to the walls.

WHICH

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LXXV.

WHICH is a fault ye must confess,

Strength was not ordain'd to oppress,

With rigor by the right ;

But, on the contrair, to sustain,

The weak ones which o'erburden'd been,

As mickle as they might.

So HOPE and COURAGE did, quoth I,

Experimented like,

Show skill'd and pithy reasons why

That DANGER lap the dyke:

Quoth DREAD, Sir, take heed, Sir,

Long spoken part must spill:

Insist not, we wist not,

We went against our will.

80 THE CHERRY AND

LXXVI.

WITH COURAGE ye were so content,
 Ye never sought our small consent,
 Of us ye stood no aw;
 Their logick lessons ye allow't,
 And were determin'd to trow't,
 Allegiance past for law:
 For all the proverbs we perus'd,
 Ye thought them skantly skill'd:
 Our reasons had been as well rus'd,
 Had ye been as well will'd
 To our side, as your side,
 So truly I may term't,
 I see now, in thee now,
 Affection doth affirm't,

LXXVII. EXPERIENCE

EXPER
 We are
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 For we
 No pe
 We have
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 If w
 We
 But
 Do

LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then smirking smil'd,
We are no bairns to be beguil'd,
Quoth he, and shook his head;
For authors who alledges us,
They would not gae about the bus,
To foster deadly fead.
For we are equal for you all,
No person we respect;
We have been so, are yet, and shall
Be found so in effect.
If we were, as ye were,
We had come unrequir'd;
But we now, ye see now,
Do nothing undesir'd.

LXXVIII.

THERE is a sentence said by some,
Let none uncall'd to counfel come,
That welcome weens to be:
Yea I have heard another yet,
Who came uncall'd, unserv'd should sit,
Perhaps, sir, so may ye.
Good-man, gramercy for your geck,
Quoth HOPE, and lowly louts:
If ye were sent for, we suspect,
Because the doctor doubts:
Your years now appears now,
With wisdom to be vext,
Rejoycing, in glossing,
Till ye have tint your text.

LXXIX.

WHERE ye were sent for, let us see,
Who would be welcomer than we,
Prove that, and we are pay'd.

Well, quoth EXPERIENCE, beware,
You know not in what case you are,
Your tongue hath you betray'd:

The man may able time a ftot,
Who cannot count his kinch;
In your own bow you are o'er-shot,
By more than half an inch.

Who wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
Be four which seemeth fweet;
I fear now, ye hear now
A dangerous decreet.

84 THE CHERRY AND

LXXX.

SIR, by that sentence ye have said,
I pledge, ere all the play be plaid,
That some shall lose a laik.

Since ye but put me for to prove,
Such heads as help for my behove,
Your warrant is but weak;

Speir at the man your self, and see,
Suppose ye strive for state,

If he regreted not how he
Had learn'd my lesson late:

And granted, he wanted
Both REASON, WIT, and SKILL,
Complaining, and † meaning
Our absence did him ill.

† meaning,

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him farther, face to face,

If yet he rue his rackless race,

Perhaps and ye shall hear:

For ay since ADAM and since EVE,

Who first thy leafings did believe,

I sold thy doctrine dear.

What hath been done even to this day,

I keep in mind almaiſt,

Ye promise farther than ye pay,

Sir, HOPE, for all your haſte;

Promitting, unwitting,

Your heghts you never † huiked;

I ſhow you, I know you,

Your by-ganes I have buiked.

† Spar'd

86 THE CHERRY AND

LXXXII.

I COULD, in case a count were crav'd,
Shew thousand thousands thou deceiv'd,
Where thou wast true to one;
And by the contrair I may vant
Which thou must, though it grieve thee, grant
I trumped ne'er a man;
But truly told the naked truth
To men that mell'd with me,
For neither rigour, nor for ruth,
But only loath to lie.
To some yet, to come yet,
Thy succour shall be flight,
Which I then, must try then,
And register it right.

LXXXIII.

HA, ha, quoth HOPE, and loudly leugh,

Ye're but a prentice at the plough,

EXPERIENCE, ye prieve;

Suppose all by-ganes, as ye spake,

Ye are no prophet worth a plack,

Nor I bound to believe.

You should not say, Sir, till ye see,

But when ye see it, say.

Yet, quoth EXPERIENCE, at thee,

Make many mints I may:

By signs now, and things now,

Which ay before me bears;

Expressing, by guessing,

The peril that appears.

88 THE CHERRY AND

LXXXIV.

THEN HOPE reply'd, and that with pith,
And wisely weigh'd his words therewith,
Sententiously and short:

Quoth he, I am the anchor grip,
That saves the sailers and their ship
From peril to their port.

Quoth he, oft-times the anchor drives,
As we have found before;
And loses many thousand lives,
By ship-wrack on the shore.

Your grips oft, but slips oft,
When men have most to do:
Synce leaves them, and reaves them
Of thy companions too.

LXXXV. THOU

LXXXV.

THOU leaves them not thy self alane,
But to their grief when thou art gane,
Gars COURAGE quat them alse.

Quoth HOPE, I would you understood,
I grip fast if the ground be good,
And fleet where it is false.

There should no fault with me be found,
Nor I accus'd at all,
Wyte such as should have plumb'd the ground,
Before the anchor fall:

Their leed ay, at need ay,
Might warn them if they would,
If they there, would stay there,
Or have good anchor-hold.

90 THE CHERRY AND

LXXXVI.

If ye read right, it was not I,
But only ignorance, whereby
Their carvels all were cloven:
I am not for a trumper tane.
All, quoth EXPERIENCE, is ane,
I have my process proven,
To wit, that we are call'd each one
To come before we came,
That now objection ye have none,
Yourself must say the same.
Ye are now, too far now,
Come forward for to flee:
Perceive then, ye have then
The worst end of the tree.

LXXXVII.

WHEN HOPE was gall'd into the quick,

Quoth COURAGE, kicking at the prick,

We let you well to wit,

Make he you welcomer than we,

Then byganes byganes, farewel he,

Except he seek us yet:

He understands his own estate,

Let him his chiftains chuse,

But yet his battel will be blate,

If he our force refuse.

Refuse us, or chuse us,

Our counsel is he clim:

But stay he, or stray he,

We have no help for him.

M :

92 THE CHERRY AND
LXXXVIII.

EXCEPT the CHERRY be his chose,
Be ye his friends, we are his foes,
His doings we despise.
If we perceive him settled sea,
To satisfy him with the SLAE,
His company we quite.
Then DREAD and DANGER grew full glad,
And wont that they had won,
They thought all seal'd that they had said,
Sen they had first begun.
They thought then, they mought then,
Without a party plead:
But yet there, with wit there,
They were dung down with speed,

LXXXIX.

SIRS, DREAD and DANGER then, quoth WIT,
Ye did yourselves to me submit,

EXPERIENCE can prove.

That, quoth EXPERIENCE, I past,

Their own confession made them fast,

They may no more remove.

For if I right remember me,

This maxim then they made,

To wit, the man with WIT should weigh

What philosophers have said:

Which sentence, repentance

Forbade him dear to buy;

They knew then, how true then,

And press'd not to reply.

94 THE CHERRY AND

XC.

THOUGH he dang DREAD and DANGER down,
Yet COURAGE could not be o'ercome,

HOPE heght him such a hire.

He thought himself, so soon he saw

His enemies were laid so law,

It was no time to tire.

He hit the ir'n while it was het

In case it should grow cald:

For he esteem'd his foes defeat,

When once he found them fald.

Though he now, quoth he now,

Hath been so free and frank,

Unfought yet, he mought yet,

For kindness cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it so as thou hast said,

That unrequir'd we offer'd aid,

At least it came of love,

EXPERIENCE, ye start too soon,

Ye nothing drow till all be done,

And then perhaps ye prove

More plain than pleasant too, perchance,

Some tell that you have try't;

As fast as ye yourself advance,

Ye can not well deny 't:

Abide then your tide then,

And wait upon the wind;

Ye know Sir, ye owe, Sir,

To hold you ay behind.

96 THE CHERRY AND

XCII.

WHEN ye have done some doughty deeds,
Syne ye should see how all succeeds,
To write them as they were.

Friend, huly, haste not half so fast,
Lest, quoth EXPERIENCE, at last

Ye buy my doctrine dear.

HOPE puts that haste into your head,

Which boils your barmy brain;

Howbeit fools haste makes huly speed,

Fair heghts makes fools be fain.

Such smiling, beguiling,

Bids fear not for no freets:

Yet I now, deny now,

That all is gold that gleets.

XCIII. SUPPOSE

XCIII.

SUPPOSE not silver all that shines;

Of-times a tentless merchant tines,

For buying gear beguets;

For all the vantage and the winning

Good buyers gets at the beginning.

Quoth COURAGE not the less,

Whiles, as good merchants tines as wins,

If old mens tales be true:

Suppose the pack comes to the pins,

Who can his chance eschew?

Then good Sir, conclude, Sir,

Good buyers have done baith:

Advance then, take chance then,

As fundry good ships hath.

98 THE CHERRY AND

XCIV.

Who wist what would be cheap or dear,

Should need to traffique but a year,

If things to come were kend;

Suppose all bygane things be plain,

Your prophecy is but prophane,

Ye'd best behold the end.

Ye would accuse me of a crime,

Almost before we meet;

Torment me not before the time,

Since dolour pays no debt.

What by-past, that I past,

Ye wot if it was well,

To come yet, by doom yet,

Confess ye have no feel.

YET,

Who

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When

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Quoth

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A

XCV.

YET, quoth EXPERIENCE, what than,

Who may be meetest for the man,

Let us his answer have.

When they submitted them to me,

To REASON I was fain to flee,

His counsel for to crave.

Quoth he, since ye yourself submit,

To do as I decreet,

I shall advise with SKILL and WIT,

What they think may be meet.

They cry'd then, we bide then,

At REASON for refuge:

Allow him, and trow him

As governour and judge.

100 THE CHERRY AND

XCVI.

So said they all with one consent,
What he concludes we are content
His bidding to obey:
He hath authority to use,
Then take his chose whom he would chuse,
And longer not delay.
Then REASON rose and was rejoic'd;
Quoth he, mine hearts, come hither;
I hope this play may be compos'd,
That we may go together.
To all now, I shall now
His proper place assign:
That they here shall say here,
They think none other thing.

XCVII.

COME on, quoth he, companion SKILL,

Ye understand both good and ill,

In physick ye are fine.

Be mediciner to the man,

And show such cunning as ye can,

To put him out of pain.

First guard the ground of all his grief,

What sickness ye suspect,

Syne look what he lacks for relief,

Ere further he infect.

Comfort him, exhort him,

Give him your good advice,

And pance not, nor skance not,

The perril nor the price.

102 THE CHERRY AND

XCVIII.

THOUGH it be cumbersome, what reck!

Find out the cause by the effect,

And working of his veins.

Yet while we grip it to the ground,

See first what fashion may be found

To pacifie his pains.

Do what ye dow to have him hail,

And for that purpose presse;

Cut off the cause, th' effect must fail,

So all his sorrow cease.

His fever shall never

From henceforth have no force,

Then urge him, to purge him,

He will not wax the worse.

XCIX.

QUOTH SKILL, his senses are so sick,
I know no liquor worth a leak,
To quench his deadly drought;
Except the CHERRY help his heat
Whose sappy flock'ning, sharp and sweet,
Might melt into his mouth,
And his melancholy remove,
To mitigate his mind;
None wholsomer for his behove,
Nor of more cooling kind.
No Nectar, directer,
Could all the gods him give,
Nor send him, to mend him,
None like it, I believe.

104 THE CHERRY AND

C.

For drought decays as it digests:

Why then, quoth REASON, nothing rests,

But how it may be had.

Most true, quoth SKILL, that is the scope,

Yet we must have some help of HOPE.

Quoth DANGER, I am red

His hastiness breed us mishap,

When he is highly hors'd;

I would we looked ere we lap.

Quoth WIT, that were not worst.

I mean now, conveni now,

The counsel one and all:

Begin then, call in then,

Quoth REASON, so I shall.

CI. THEN

CL.

THEN REASON rose with gesture grave,

* Belyve convening all the lave,

To see what they would say,

With silver scepter in his hand,

As chiftain chosen to command,

And they bent to obey.

He paused long before he spake,

And in a study stood,

Syne he began and silence brake,

Come on, quoth he, conclude,

What way now, we may now

Yon CHERRY come to catch:

Speak out, Sirs, about Sirs,

Have done, let us dispatch.

O

* Belyve, immediately.

106 THE CHERRY AND

CII.

Quoth COURAGE, I scourge him first that scars,
Much musing memory but mars;

I tell you my intent.

Quoth WIT, who will not partly pance,
In perils perishes perchance,

O'er rackless may repent.

Then quoth EXPERIENCE, and spake,

Sir, I have seen them baith,

In braidieness, and ly aback,

Escape, and come to skaith.

But what now, of that now?

Sturt follows all extremes;

Retain then, the mean then,

The surest way it seems.

CIII.

WHERE some has further'd, some has fail'd:

Where part has perish'd, part prevail'd;

Alike all cannot luck.

Then either venture with the one,

Or with the other let alone,

The CHERRY for to pluck.

Quoth HOPE, for fear folk must not fash;

Quoth DANGER, let not light.

Quoth WIT, be neither rude nor rash.

Quoth REASON ye have right.

The rest then thought best then,

When REASON said it so,

That roundly, and soundly,

They should together go.

108 THE CHERRY AND

CIV.

To get the CHERRY in all haste,
As for my safety serving maist,
Though DREAD and DANGER fear'd
The peril of that irksome way,
Lest that thereby I should decay,
Who then so weak appear'd;
Yet HOPE and COURAGE hard beside,
Who with them woult contend,
Did take in hand us all to guide
Unto our journey's end;
Impledging, and wedging,
Baith twa, their lives for mine,
Providing, the guiding
To them were granted syne.

CV.

THEN DREAD and DANGER did appeal,
Alledging it could ne'er be well,
Nor yet would they agree:
But said, they should found their retreat,
Because they thought them no ways meet
Conductors unto me,
Nor to no man in mine estate,
With sickness sore oppress'd.
For they took ay the nearest gate,
Omitting oft the best:
The nearest, perquierest,
Is always to them baith,
Where they, Sir, may say, Sir,
What recks them of your skaith.

110 THE CHERRY AND

CVI.

BUT as for us two now, we swear

By Him before whom we appear,

Our full intent is now,

To have you hale, and always was

That purpose for to bring to pass,

So is not theirs, I trow.

Then HOPE and COURAGE did attest

The gods at both these parts,

If they wrought not all for the best

Of me with upright hearts.

Our chiftain, then lifting

His scepter, did enjoyn,

No more there, uproar there,

And so their strife was done.

CVII.

REBUKING DREAD and DANGER fore,

Suppose they meant well evermore,

To me as they had sworn;

Because their neighbours they abus'd

In so far as they had accus'd

Them, as ye heard befor.

Did he not else, quoth he, consent

The CHERRY for to pow?

Quoth DANGER, we are well content,

But yet the manner how;

We shall now, even all now,

Get this man with us there;

It rests then, and's best then,

Your counsel to declare.

112 THE CHERRY AND

CVIII.

WELL said, quoth HOPE and COURAGE, now
We thereto will accord with you,
And shall abide by them.
Likeas before we did submit,
So we repeat the samin yet,
We mind not to reclaim;
Whom we shall chuse to guide the way,
We shall him follow straight;
And further this man, what we may,
Because we have so heght;
Promitting, but flitting,
To do the thing we can,
To ease both, and please both,
This silly sickly man.

CIX. WHEN

CIX.

WHEN REASON heard this, then, quoth he,

I see your chiefest stay to be,

That we have nam'd no guide:

The worthy council hath therefore

Thought good that WIT should go before,

For perils to provide.

Quoth WIT, there is but one of three,

Which I shall to you show,

Whereof the first two cannot be,

For any thing I know.

The way here, so stay here,

Is that we cannot climb,

Even o'er now, we four now;

That will be hard for him.

114 THE CHERRY AND

CX.

THE next, if we go down about,
While that this bend of craigs run out,
The stream is there so stark,
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far than we dow leap,
It should be idle wark;
It grows ay broader to the sea,
Sen o'er the lin it came,
The running dead doth signifie
The deepness of the same.
I leave now, to deave now,
How that it swiftly slides,
As sleeping and creeping,
But nature so provides.

OUR w
Where
It is
The w
We sha
With
For, as
Oft c
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W
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As
Ex

CXI.

Our way then lies about the lin,
Whereby I warrand we shall win,

It is so straight and plain;

The water also is so shald,

We shall it pass even as we wald,

With pleasure, and but pain:

For, as we see a mischief grow

Oft of a feckless thing,

So likewise doth this river flow

Forth of a pretty spring:

Whose throat, Sir, I wot, Sir,

Ye may stop with your nieve,

As you Sir, I trow, Sir,

EXPERIENCE can prieve.

116 THE CHERRY AND

CXII.

THAT, quoth EXPERIENCE, I can,

All that ye said, since ye began,

I know to be of truth.

Quoth SKILL the famin I approve;

Quoth REASON, then let us remove

And sleep no more in slouth,

WIT and EXPERIENCE, quoth he,

Shall go before apace;

The man shall come with SKILL, and ME,

Into the second place;

Attour now, you four now

Shall come into a band,

Proceeding, and leading

Each other by the hand.

CXIII.

As REASON order'd, all obey'd,
None was o'er rash, nor none afraid,
Our counsel was so wise.

As of our journey wit did note,
We found it true in every jot,

God blest'd our enterprise.

For even as we came to the tree,

Which as ye heard me tell,

Could not be clumb, there suddenly

The fruit for ripeness fell:

Which hasting, and tasting,

I found my self reliev'd

Of cares all, and fares all,

Which mind and body griev'd.

118 THE CHERRY AND

CXIV.

PRAISE be to God my Lord therefore,

Who did mine health to me restore,

Being so long time pin'd:

Yea blessed be his holy name,

Who did, from death to life, reclaim

Me who was so unkind.

All nations also magnifie

This ever-living Lord;

Let me with you, and you with me,

To laud him ay accord.

Whose love ay, we prove ay,

To us above all things.

And kifs him, and blifs him,

Whose glorie eternal rings.

THE END.

119
OCCASIONAL POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

B I

SUPR

Ay 7

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* B

A

S O N N E T

T O T H E

B L E S S E D T R I N I T Y.

SUPREME Essence, Beginner unbegun,
 Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three;
 Eternal Word, that victory hath won
 O'er death, o'er hell, triumphing on the tree:
 Foreknowledge, Wisdom, and all-seeing Eye;
 JEHOVAH, Alpha, and Omega all,
 Like unto none, and none like unto thee;
 Unmov'd, moving the rounds about the ball;
 Container uncontain'd; Is, Was, and Shall
 Be sempiternal, merciful and just;
 Creator uncreated, now I call,
 Teach me thy truth, since into thee I trust;
 Increase, confirm, and kindle from above
 My faith, my hope, and, * by the lave, my love.

Q

* By the lave, i. e. over the rest.

THE AUTHOR'S LAMENTATION.

I'VE sinn'd, father, be merciful to me,
 I am not worthy to be call'd thy child ;
 That stubbornly so long have gone astray,
 Not as thy son, but as a prod'gal wild :
 My filthy soul, with sin, is so defil'd,
 That satan thinks to catch it as a prey :
 Lord, grant me grace, that he may be beguil'd.

Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

I'm abas'd, Lord, how dare I be so bold,
 Before thy holy presence to appear ?
 Or hazard once the heav'ns for to behold,
 Who am not worthy that the earth should bear ;
 Yet damn me not whom thou hast bought so dear,
Sed saluum me fac, dulcis fili Dei.

For, out of Luke, this lesson we do lear ;

Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

If thou, O Lord, with rigour wouldst revenge,
 What flesh before thee faultless shall be found ?
 Or who is he, his conscience can him cleanse,
 To sin and satan from his birth's not bound ?
 Yet of meer grace thou took away the ground,
 And sent thy Son our penalty to pay,
 To save us from that hideous hell's hound :

Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

I hope for mercy, tho' my sins be huge;
 I grant my guilt, and groan to thee for grace:
 Though I would flee, where should I find refuge?
 In heav'n, O Lord, there is thy dwelling place;
 The earth, thy foot-stool; and to the hells, alace!
 Down go the dead; for all must thee obey:
 Therefore I cry, while I have time and space,
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

O gracious God, my guiltiness forgive,
 In sinners death since thou dost not delight,
 But rather would they should convert and live,
 As witnesseth prophets in holy writ:
 I pray thee, Lord, thy promise to perfit
 In me, that I may with the psalmist say,
 I will thy praise and wondrous works indite.
 Therefore, dear father, be merciful to me.

Though I do slide, let me not sleep in slouth,
 Me to revive from sin, let grace begin:
 Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy truth,
 And lend my verse such wings as are divine;
 Since thou hast granted me so good ingine,
 To praise thy name with gallant stile and gay,
 Let me no more so trim a talent tine:
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

124 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

My sp'rit to speak, let thy sp'rit, Lord, inspire,
 Help, Holy Ghost, and be mine heav'nly muse;
 Fly down on me with forked tongues of fire,
 As on th' apostles, with thy fear me infuse;
 All vice expel, teach me sin to refuse,
 And all my filthy affections, I thee pray;
 Thy fervent love on me pour night and day,
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

Stoup, stubborn stomach, that's been ay so stout,
 Stoup, filthy flesh, and carion made of clay;
 Stoup, hard'ned heart, before thy Lord, and lout;
 Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day:
 Thou wots not when, that thou must pass away
 To the great gloire, where thou must be for ay;
 Confess thy sins, and think no shame to say,
Peccavi, pater, miserere mei.

O great Jehovah, to thee all gloire be giv'n,
 Who shap'd my soul to thy similitude;
 And to thy Son, whom thou sent'st down from heav'n,
 When I was lost, he bought me with his blood;
 And to the Holy Ghost, my guider good,
 Who must confirm my faith in the right way;
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
 O Heav'nly Father, be merciful to me.

*The SOLSEQUIUM; or, the LOVER comparing himself
to the SUN-FLOWER.*

I.

LIKE as the dumb

SOLSEQUIUM,

With care o'ercome,

Doth sorrow, when the sun goes out of sight;

Hangs down his head,

And droops as dead,

And will not spread;

But lurks his leaves, through langour, all the night,

Till foolish PHAETON arise, with whip in hand,

To clear the chrystal skies, and light the land:

Birds, in their bow'r,

Wait on that hour,

And to their king a glad good-morrow gives:

From thence that flow'r

Likes not to low'r,

But laughs on PHOEBUS, op'ning out his leaves:

II.

So stands't with me,
Except I be,
Where I may see
My lamp of light, my lady, and my love:
When she departs,
Ten thousand darts,
In sundry airts,
Thirle through my heavy heart, but rest or rove.
My countenance declares my inward grief,
And HOPE almost despairs to find relief:
I die, I dwine,
Play doth me pine,
I lothe on ev'ry thing I look, alace!
Till TITAN mine,
Upon me shine,
That I revive through favour of her face.

III.

FRAE she appear,
Into her sphere,
Begins to clear
The dawning of my long desired day;
Then COURAGE cries
On HOPE to rise,
Frae she espies
The noisome night of absence went away:
No wo can me awake, nor yet empesth,
But on my stately stalk I flourish fresh:
I spring, I sprout,
My leaves break out,
My colour changes in an heartsome hew;
No more I lout,
But stand up stout,
As glad of her for whom I only grew.

IV.

O happy day!
 Go not away,
 APOLLO, stay
 Thy cart from going down into the west;
 Of me thou make
 Thy Zodiack,
 That I may take
 My pleasure to behold whom I love best;
 Her presence me restores to life from death,
 Her absence also * shores to cut my breath;
 I wish in vain
 Thee to remain,
 Since *primum mobile* doth say me nay,
 At least thy wain
 Bring soon again,
 Farewell with patience perforce till day.

* Shores, *threatens*.

P S A L. XXXVI.

DECLINA A MALO, ET FAC BONUM.

LEAVE sin, ere sin leave thee, do good,
 And both without delay;
 Less fit he will to morrow be,
 Who is not fit to day.

[Non

[NON TARDES CONVERTI AD DEUM]

HIS MORNING MUSE.

LET dread of pain for sin in aftertime;

Let shame to see thy self ensnared so;

Let grief conceiv'd for foul accursed crime;

Let hate of sin, the worker of thy wo;

With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate enforce,

To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse.

So hate of sin shall make God's love to grow;

So grief shall harbour hope within thine heart;

So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow;

So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart:

So love, so hope, so joy, so solace sweet,

Shall make thy soul in heav'nly bliss so fleet.

Wo, where no hate doth no such love allure!

Wo, where such grief makes no such hope proceed!

Wo, where such dread doth not such joy procure!

Wo, where such shame doth not such solace breed!

Wo, where no hate, no grief, no dread, no shame,

No love, no hope, no joy, no solace frame!

THE FIRST PSALM.

I.

WEEL is the man,
Yea blessed than,
By grace that can
Eschew ill counfel and the godless gaits,
Who walks not in
The way of sin,
Nor does begin
To sit with mockers in their shameful saits;
But in JEHOVAH's law
Delights aright
And studys it to know
Both day and night.
That man shall be
Like to an tree.
That, planted by the running river, grows;
Which fruit does bear
In time of year,
Whose leaves shall nevir fade, nor root unlowse.

II.

His actions all
Ay prosper shall :
So shall not fall
To wicked men ; but as the caff and fand,
Which day by day
Winds drive away ;
Therefore I say
The wicked in their judgment shall not stand,
Nor sinners come nae mair,
Whom God disdains,
In the assembly quhair
The just remains.
For why ? the Lord
Who bears record,
He knows the righteous conversation ay,
But godless gaits,
Which he so haits,
Shall quickly perish, and bot dout decay.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS,
THE TWENTY THIRD PSALM.

I. *his name is H*

THE Lord most high, *his name is H*

I know will be *his name is H*

An' bird to me, *his name is H*

I cannot long have stress, nor stand in need;

He makes my lair, *his name is H*

In feeds most fair, *his name is H*

Where I, bot cair, *his name is H*

Reposing at my pleasure safely feed,

He sweetly me conveys *his name is H*

To pleasant springs, *his name is H*

Where nothing me annoys, *his name is H*

But pleasure brings; *his name is H*

He brings my mind, *his name is H*

Fit to sic kind, *his name is H*

That force or fear of foe cannot me grieve;

He does me leid *his name is H*

In perfect freid, *his name is H*

And for his name he will me never lieve.

5 JY 61

II.

THOUGH I would stray,
Ilk day by day,
In deadly way,
Yet will I not despair, I fear none ill;
For why thy grace,
In every place,
Does me embrace,
Thy rod and shepherds cruke comfort me still.
In despite of my foes,
My table grows,
Thou balms my head with joy,
My cup o'erflows.
Kindness and grace,
Mercy and peace,
Shall follow me for all my wretched days,
And me convoy
To endless joy
In heaven, where I shall be with thee always.

C O M P A R I S O N .

THE bramble grows, although it be obscure,
Whilst mountain cedars thole the boisterous winds;
And mild Plebeian sp'rits may live secure,
Whilst mighty tempests tofs imperial minds.

FINIS.



